

# Public Enemy Lyrics

## "Sudden Death"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Virgin bitches  
With rockin' clitches  
Gettin' riches  
Snitchin' and trippin' your way into the here at  
The devil carried the cross to Christ  
On the back of a black angelic hood rat  
On an anti low jack crack hat  
I'm humble  
But I'll rumble  
With any given devil  
On any given level  
But must I put into effect  
And black caught [?]  
No don't test me  
Checks from the ass to the throne  
Grown, I'ma do it my way  
Oh, by the way, I don't play  
So what you say about this lost and found  
In lust but bound  
To get the stacks  
From the last sex acts  
Sack the Government tongue kissed the devils daughter  
And sent native daughters to the slaughter  
The last six chapters of an anti-nigga knock  
Entitled life in the fast lane  
Like death, in the last lane

I live, until the day I die  
I live, until the day I cry  
I'm dead, the day I lie

I'm not takin' pay off's  
And lay off's  
Knockin' G's off  
From the tip off  
Less academic callories  
Hope to make a high price salary  
I got 40 acres to comphiscate  
I got a mule that can't wait to [?]  
On who gets paid  
And who gets layed  
And who gets saved  
And who gets sprayed  
By burnt pale faces  
Fiends in high places  
Faces and faces chasin' traces and cases and cases of case suits

Gettin' loot  
In a two piece multi national corporation noose  
Around the neck of his pops  
Got locked and dropped by a dirty cop  
Stop

I got an attitude how do you figure  
Am I supposed to be a nigga  
Am I supposed to be a nigga  
Am I supposed to be a nigga  
Am I supposed to be a nigga